

The Teachers

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The Teachers

by [makahadoma](#)

Summary

A certain gym teacher develops a crush on a certain third grade teacher. *wink*

"Careful now- what did I tell you about running, single file!" Ryuko called after the kids running off to recess. She smiled, they were always so rowdy after lunch. She went around the classroom picking up spare crayons and leftover pieces of kids' lunches. After that she made her way to the staff lounge to prepare her own lunch.

She placed her plate of leftover ravioli in the microwave and punched in the amount of time needed.

"Well, well if it isn't Ms. Matoi"

"And what can I do for you Sanageyama." She asked without facing him, her eyes watching the timer on the microwave.

"Since you asked so nicely, you never did give me an answer last week."

"I didn't? Hm, must've slipped my mind."

"Can't avoid the subject forever." He smirked.

"Maybe if you asked again I might consider it."

"Alright, how 'bout it then?"

"What exactly did you have in mind?" She asked, leaning against the counter.

He stepped closer into her vicinity. "You, Me, dinner..." He placed his hands on the counter on either side of her, trapping her in his arms. "Maybe a movie back at my place after?" He asked, raising an eyebrow at her, his voice almost a whisper.

She made sure no one was around before she placed a quick peck on his lips.

"I don't know..." She playfully averted his gaze. "I've got a lot of stuff to grade."

"How hard can it be to grade a couple third grade papers?" Uzu laughed, tilting his head to the side.

"Harder than you think."

"C'mon... Friday night then."

"And if I say no?"

"I'll make you wish you hadn't." He smirked, stealing a quick kiss.

"What are you gonna do? Make me run laps in my big girl shorts?" She said, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Now there's an idea." He chuckled.

She wrapped her arms around his neck. "You watch yourself or I'll keep you after school."

"Not a problem." He grinned, capturing her lips. She returned the kiss as he leaned them closer onto the counter. They broke away from each other when Ryuko's backside accidentally pressed against the microwave, causing it to beep. They laughed, moving away from each other.

"I think that's ready." Uzu said.

Ryuko removed her lunch, placing it on one of the tables. "Where were we?". They exchanged smirks and prepared to embrace one another.

"Ahem."

The pair turned to see a displeased music teacher in the door way.

"Ms. Nonon!" Ryuko cleared her throat, her and Uzu taking a few steps away from each other.

"If you two want to get frisky, please do it some place else." She gestured them to move out of the way. The pair realized they were standing between the pink haired music teacher and the only coffee maker available in the lounge, and gladly cleared a path.

"Try the janitor's closet." Nonon commented, dumping some Venezuelan blend in the coffee maker.

Both Ryuko and Uzu's faces flushed bright crimson. Uzu awkwardly grabbed a granola bar out of the cupboards and took his leave.

"Friday night then?" He asked, stopping in the doorway.

"Friday night." Ryuko agreed.

They exchanged smiles before he left to oversee the rest of recess. The handsome new gym teacher had left the lounge, but Ryuko's blush remained and Nonon noticed.

"I'll never understand what you see in him."

Ryuko chuckled lightly, pulling out a chair and taking a seat. "For a new guy, he's great with kids. They love him." She said, picking at her lunch.

"Because shaggy hair and a cheap tracksuit are definitely what kids are drawn to these days." Nonon commented.

Ryuko brushed off the music teacher's comment. Uzu didn't look the type to like children, but he was surprisingly good with them and he definitely had potential even if he had not been working there as long as most of the staff. She definitely had a reason to look forward to Friday now.

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